HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 237.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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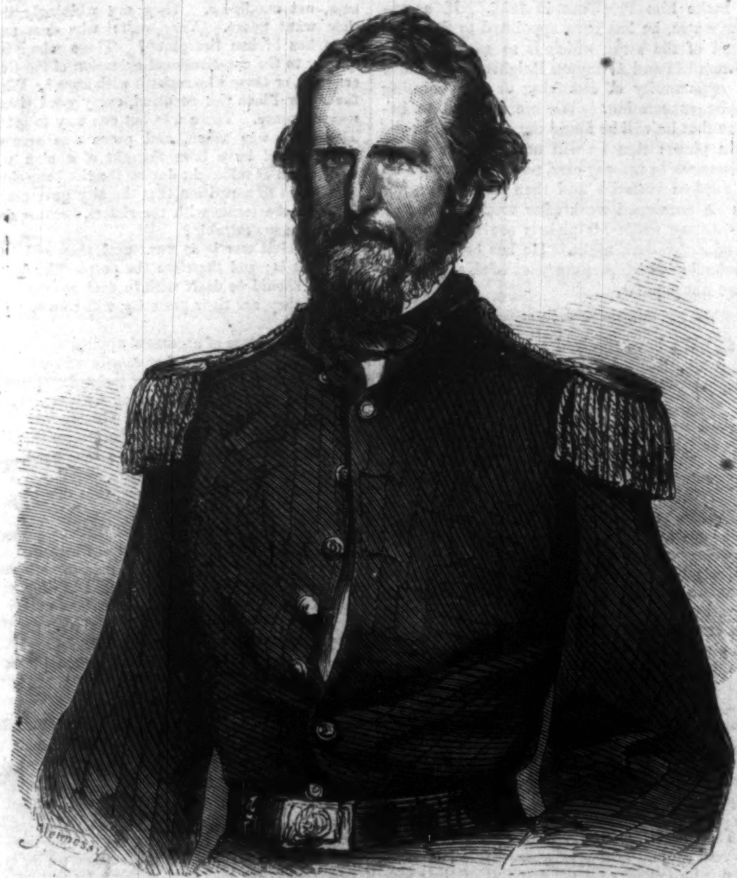

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLMES.

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THE LATE CAPTAIN WARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. LUCE.

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THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.

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BRIG.-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.

On page 433 the reader will find a portrait of Brigadier-General Lyon, commanding the United States forces in Missouri. The following brief sketch of General Lyon's career will show that he stands right upon the record:

General Nathaniel Lyon is the son of a substantial farmer of Ashford, Connecticut, and is the descendant, paternally and maternally, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution—one, the famous Colonel Knowlton, who, as Major, commanded the Connecticut boys at the Old Rail Fence, on the left wing of the American army, at Bunker's Hill, and was afterward killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York.

General Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and has remained in the army ever since, having risen to the rank of captain in the Second Infantry: and by the recent choice of the Missouri volunteers has become their Brigadier-General. He is now in the prime of life as a military commander, being forty-two years of age. He has had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, which fit him so especially for his present position. His service has been principally upon the frontiers—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas, and other Indian and border wars. He was with General Scott's division during the Mexican campaign, and was breveted August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco;" and was wounded at the Belen Gate of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847.

General Lyon is the right man in the right place. He has a strong physical constitution, a high order of intellect, and an energy which knows no bounds.

THE LATE CAPT. WARD, U.S.N.

We publish on page 433 a portrait of the late Captain Ward, who was unfortunately killed in a reconnoissance at Mathias Point on 27th. Captain Ward's record is as follows:

He was born in the year 1806, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. On the 4th of March, 1823, he first entered the United States service, sailing as midshipman, under Commodore M'Donough, in the frigate *Constitution*. After serving faithfully for four years, under the above Commodore, he was promoted to the position of a lieutenant, and was for some time attached to the Mediterranean squadron. Many years of his life were spent on the coast of Africa. He served also in the Gulf as commander of the United States steamer *Vixen*; indeed, nearly all of his naval life was spent on the ocean: he had served some sixteen years at sea and only nine years on shore. He held for a time a very responsible professorship in the Naval School at Annapolis, and still later was placed in command of the receiving ship *North Carolina*, lying at the Navy-yard. This position he held for nearly four years, and while in it made many friends. At last the troubled state of the country demanded the service and experience of such officers as Captain Ward, and he placed himself at the command of the Government. Appreciating his abilities, they placed him in command of the steam flotilla at that time fitting out. It was placed in commission on the 16th of May. He had hardly arrived in Chesapeake Bay when he made an attack on a rebel battery, silencing it and driving the soldiers away. Since that time he has proved himself to be one of the most able and energetic officers that we had, fearing no danger, and placing those under him in none that he would not gladly lead them through.

He was married in the year 1832 to Miss Whittemore, of this city, daughter of Samuel Whittemore, Esq. From this union has sprung four children, three of whom, a daughter and two sons, are with their mother in Germany.

THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE.

On page 433 we publish a picture of the Battle of Boonville, from a sketch by an attentive artist-correspondent. The following account of the fight is from the *Herald* correspondence:

At just three minutes before seven A.M., on June 17, the order was given to move. The morning was cloudy, with occasionally a few drops of rain, but before the battle was over the sun shone out clear and bright as ever. As the column ascended the bluff the pickets of the enemy were seen and driven in. After an advance of three-fourths of a mile one of the advanced guard rode hastily back to the head of the column and informed General Lyon that the whole body of the State troops was drawn up a few hundred yards in front. General Lyon at once ordered the regulars under Sergeant Griffin to the left, and Captain Schultez's riflemen to the right. Captain Totten's battery was ordered to the front to occupy the road.

The enemy were drawn up about three hundred yards in advance, on the crest of a hill, or rather a long swell or ridge, over which the road passed at the highest point. The road was occupied by Colonel Marmaduke, with a small body of horsemen and a battalion of infantry. Immediately on his left was a brick house filled with rebel troops, and back of this, toward the river, was a narrow lane, where his left wing was posted. To their rear was a wheat field, and in this was miscellaneously scattered small crowds of men, apparently without order or regularity. To his right was another wheat field, separated from an adjacent corn field by a "worm fence," and behind this fence his right wing was posted. Soon as our men were in position Captain Totten unlimbered a twelve-pounder and a six-pounder, and sent a shell from the former into the midst of the men occupying the road. A puff of smoke rising from among them showed that the gunner's aim had been true. The next shell was directed upon the squads of men in the wheat field and caused them to make a hasty retreat. The fire now became general along the whole line, the regulars on the right, and the German troops on the left, advancing in good order. Our line was formed on a ridge similar to that occupied by the enemy and parallel to it, separated from the latter by a valley with a gentle descent on either side. To our left was a corn field and on our right a copse or grove of scattered oaks. The regulars advanced in the corn field, to the crest of the ridge, creeping up the latter and firing when opportunity occurred, taking for their motto that of an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, "Whenever you see a head hit it." The hollow between the ridges was full of scattered oaks, and these served as a cover to our men.

Captains Stone, Cole, and Cavender were sent to support the right of the regulars, and in this way they all advanced to the fence where the enemy were at first posted. The battalion from the Second, supported by Captains Maurice's, Burke's, and Yates's companies, were at the same time doing good work on the right; and in twenty minutes from the time Captain Totten fired the first shell the rebels were in full retreat, and our men occupying the line first held by the enemy. The house on the right had been completely riddled by the last shots from the battery, and one shell burst in the very centre of the building, at a time when it was full of soldiers. Several dead bodies of the rebels were found in the wheat field near the line, showing that our fire had been effective. In fact, at the first volley from the right wing several saddles were emptied of their riders, and two horses galloped over to our lines. The correspondents of the New York *Herald* and St. Louis *Democrat* entered the battle on foot, by the side of the battery, but were very soon mounted, having succeeded in capturing these runaway steeds.

The number of killed and wounded on the part of the rebels has not and probably will not be accurately ascertained. Out of one company (Captain M'Culloch's Cooper County Rifles) thirteen are known to be killed and several wounded. The number of dead already brought into Boonville or taken to friends in the country can not fall much short of fifty, and the wounded [illegible] as many more. On the side of the Union troops there were three killed, ten wounded, and one missing.

We took eighty prisoners, nineteen of whom have been released, and the remaining sixty-one put on board the *Louisiana*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 13, 1861.

THE LEADERS OF THE NATION.

We devote an unusual proportion of our space this week to Portraits of the Men on whom the eyes of the people are at present fixed.

On page 440 will be found an admirable portrait of Lieutenant-General Scott, from a recent photograph by Brady; and on the page following an accurate copy of an exceedingly well executed portrait of the same General Scott, made thirty-four years ago, when he was forty-one years of age. The present crisis was essential to the full perfection of General Scott's fame. Had he died a twelvemonth since, history might have classed him as a mere successful soldier. That he will now go down to posterity with no name between his and Washington's is certain. His early career was an unexampled success. Though he was bred a lawyer and not a soldier, his first campaign as a captain of volunteer artillery developed the mettle that was in him; he rose, without patronage, without friends, without money, or favor, from grade to grade, winning each step with his sword on the battle-field, until he was a Major-General in the United States Army at the age of twenty-eight. This was forty-seven years ago—when few who read these lines were born. How honorably and usefully this long stage of forty-seven years has been spent by him in the service of his country, no history fails to recount. And now his long career of greatness is being fitly closed by the noblest and most splendid of his achievements. It must never be forgotten that when the loyal people of the nation were sleeping, in October last, Winfield Scott foresaw the present war, foretold it to the Buchanan Cabinet, and showed how the rebellion might be crushed in the bud by a few very simple precautions. It was not his fault that the hoary imbecile who then disgraced the Presidential chair nursed discontent into rebellion, and sedition into open war. But Providence orders all for the best, and uses even such vile instruments as Buchanan to ripen Southern treason for the halter, and to crown the last years of Scott with immortal glory.

Let no man doubt him. His intellect is as bright as it was forty years ago, his hand as sure, and his judgment as sound. He has never yet failed as a soldier; let those who carp at his slowness take patience; what he proposes to do he will do thoroughly, once and forever.

We also publish on page 437 a group of The President and his Cabinet. It may not be impertinent here to say that, while Mr. Lincoln was not the choice of the proprietors of this journal for President, they conceive it to be the duty of every patriotic citizen at the present juncture to give a cordial support to him and to his Administration. When civil war is raging at our doors, and it is a hanging matter to raise the stars and stripes in one half the country, it is surely no time to cavil at errors of detail which may be committed by the Administration in the discharge of duties more arduous than have devolved upon any government since this Confederacy was first formed. For our part we are free to confess that thus far Mr. Lincoln seems to us to have been fully equal to the stupendous task which Fate has set before him. We can not thus far detect a single fatal error in his administration of the Government. He appears to be fully conscious of the situation, and to be discharging his duty with a keen perception of his responsibility to God and to the people. We have yet to hear of the first particle of evidence implicating him in the villainous schemes which are afloat for the surrender of the liberties of this nation at the demand of an armed mob. Under these circumstances, we submit that Mr. Lincoln is entitled to the cordial support of every honest man in the country. Nor can we perceive that any thing can be gained by carping at the real or supposed errors of the members of the Cabinet. It is probable, as they are men, that they have their faults. But there is no evidence any where that they have thus far done any wrong to the country, while, on the contrary, there is abundant evidence that they are working, one and all, heart and soul, for the preservation of our national existence, for the suppression of rebellion, and for the maintenance of law, order, and good government. Is it patriotic, is it decent, under such circumstances, to cavil at this or that Secretary on the basis of idle scandals, or for the gratification of private rancor? By-and-by, when the rebellion is put down, and all that we cherish is secure once more, it will be timely, perhaps, to inquire into the conduct of each department of the public administration with a close and jealous eye. But what is wanted now from the people of the United States is *faith in the man they have set over them, a magnanimous trust in their patriotism, and a generous forbearance for inevitable shortcomings.* Without these, we can not expect to survive our present dire peril. The public must never forget that opposition to the Government at the present crisis is aid and comfort to the enemy. The most signal service that could be rendered to Jefferson Davis at the present time would be to create a general distrust, in the North, of Mr. Seward or Mr. Cameron.

Finally, we publish on page 441 a portrait of Major-General John C. Fremont, in his old trapper costume, with the gallant Kit Carson and other prairie chiefs beside him. Public fancy points to him as one of the most probable heroes of the campaign now begun. He is known to possess almost unrivaled qualifications for the command he has just obtained. His campaign in California was one of the most brilliant military operations in our history. He is believed to be a thorough soldier, theoretical and practical. His energy, rapidity of combination, and daring, are notorious. He has potent incentives to develop whatever may be in him; for he must vindicate the judgment of the million and more citizens who desired to make him President in 1856. If, as rumor states, he has been appointed to the command of the army which is to advance from Alexandria and Arlington Heights, he will have an opportunity of satisfying or disappointing public expectation. We are inclined to believe that he will be found the right man in the right place: that he will neither make reconnoissances in railway cars, nor march troops up to masked batteries and then back again, nor yet lie encamped week after week in sight of the enemy while his pickets are shot or captured every dark night. He has been bred in a school in which performances of this character were not popular.

☞ We have received a letter from W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London *Times*, which will appear in our next.

THE LOUNGER.

A SHORT FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Eighty-five years ago to-day, after the most prolonged and solemn debate, continued in many ways for twenty years—after the most patient and respectful appeals to the Government—after the most stringent and conclusive argument against injustice—after the plain and final declaration that the crown of England would govern its colonies simply and only at its pleasure, and without advice or voice from those colonies—after long, and strenuous, and vain protest against a taxation to control which they had no representation, and upon the clearest conviction of the human and political rights of every man in society, the thirteen colonies slowly and sorrowfully took up arms, recited before the world the wrongs they had suffered, and appealed to God and mankind for the justice of their cause.

The tale is familiar and sacred. To-day let it be read again. To-day let every descendant of the men who fought read the manifest of their war. And then let him contrast with it the manifest of the people in this country who profess to justify themselves by that declaration.

The patriots of '76 declared it to be a self-evident truth that all men are endowed by God with certain inalienable rights.

The rebels of '61 declare that they are not.

The patriots of '76 asserted that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men.

The rebels of '61 declare that they are not.

The patriots of '76 proclaimed the right of the people to alter or abolish any government which did not secure those rights.

The rebels of '61 declare that any discontented faction may forcibly overthrow the government which the people have thus established.

The patriots of '76 declared that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes.

The rebels of '61 declare that a government may be overthrown by any number of people who suppose that at some time and in some way it may pursue a policy they do not like.

The patriots of '76 said that when a long train of abuses and usurpations pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, the people may throw off the guilty government and provide a new; and they proceeded to cite the long array of long continued outrages upon their rights by the King of Great Britain which justified their action.

The rebels of '61, by the mouth of their Vice-President Stephens, declared on the 14th of November last, that the Government against which they have now taken up arms, although not perfect, "comes nearer the objects of all good government than any other on the face of the earth."

The success of the patriots of '76 was the earnest of peaceful, progressive, popular government which should secure to every man the permanent security of his inalienable rights.

The success of the rebels of '61 would be the destruction of all constitutional government and the subjection of individual rights to a military despotism.

The leader of the patriots of '76 was the type of their movement. His word was as sacred as truth.

The official word of the leader of the rebels of '61 is a scorn and hissing among the nations. It is a synonym of repudiation.

The patriots of '76 built their house upon the rock of Justice, and the winds and rains have not and shall not prevail against it.

The rebels of '61 build their house upon the sands of injustice; and the rain is descending, the floods are coming, the winds are blowing and beating upon that house, and great will be the fall of it.

PETITIONS FOR PEACE.

Why do not the people who wish that the United States Government would surrender to the armed rebellion of Jefferson Davis say so openly? Why do they circulate petitions in the dark, and cajole boys to sign them, without telling them what they are signing? The right of petition is secured to every citizen by the fundamental law. It is competent for any body who chooses, to petition Congress to establish a monarchy and legalize polygamy.

So when a faction of armed citizens have seized the property which belongs to all the people, and stand with hands stained with the blood of loyal men defending their Government, it is competent for any body to petition Congress to make peace with the rebels upon their own terms. But if any man honestly wishes to do it he will do it openly. People who sneak about with petitions they are afraid to show, carry petitions they are ashamed of.

And they are ashamed, because they know that they have no fair reason to urge for what they are doing. Their conduct betrays a conscious meanness, not manliness. They say whiningly that they want peace. Very well: who does not? Who has broken the peace? Those who yield quietly to the constitutional operation of the Government, or those who resist it with arms? When the Astor Place riot occurred, every good citizen wanted peace. There was but one way to get it. That way was taken, and peace was secured. What would have been thought of a man who went about at midnight during the riot beseeching signatures to a petition that the city government would make terms with the rioters, because dear peace was so desirable?

Then civil war is so unnatural, they add. Of course it is; and therefore the people who undertake it should be dealt with in such manner that neither they nor their posterity will care to try it again.

Every pretense of argument applied to this case is applicable to every other case in which the operation of the law is forcibly resisted. There is no more reason for compounding with armed traitors engaged in war upon the Government than with any other criminals. In both cases the Government can only conquer or be conquered. To compound is to confess defeat.

Happily the case is so clear, that this poor effort to maintain the political ascendency of unprincipled men at the expense of the whole American political system is already lost in ridicule and contempt. The right of every man to petition is unquestioned and unquestionable. But when your petition is one you are afraid to show openly in your office, and frankly to solicit signatures, it is a petition which every honest patriot immediately sees is meant to help treason under the plausible pretense of peace.

KENTUCKY AND HER LOYAL MEN.

A friend in Kentucky, who does not spare the Lounger in his remarks upon a late article, writes as follows. The friend will pardon the Lounger's natural reluctance to print the abuse of himself:

"You are surely aware that we have a traitor Governor, a milk-and-water Legislature, and a strong *secession* party in the State. We can not therefore put the State, *as a State*, in her true, loyal, position; for that can only be done through the Governor, and he is a traitor. We can not impeach him, for the Legislature would be strongly disunion were they not afraid of the people.

"The Legislature was elected some two years ago, and the Representatives grossly misrepresent their constituents. As an instance of this, Adair County will give but three disunion votes, two of which are her late Senator and Representative.

"We can not volunteer and go to the assistance of the Government as individuals, for we leave a strong party behind us, who will use every means, be they foul or fair, to drag the State out of the Union. Every Union man taken from Kentucky now increases the chances of her going out.

"Don't you see, Sir, that our position of neutrality is one of necessity, and not of choice?

"Please set Kentucky right in your next issue. Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum. Union."

FACT *VERSUS* PRINCIPLE.

The second thought of England is what we thought it would be. But when it is said that corporations have no souls, the remark may be extended to nations, and then it has great significance. A soulless body, or a brute (if it be possible that the little dog Tib, asleep beside me, has no soul), obeys simply the instincts of immediate self-preservation, and makes no sacrifice for principle, nor sees that present suffering may be future triumph. Corporations and States act in the same way. They do not move from moral principle, but from policy in the sense of selfish interest.

An intelligent clergymen in England, American-born, writes to the Lounger: "Motley has been doing the North service by setting before the British public, in the *Times*, the constitutional merits of its case. He has done it very ably. But revolutions do not follow constitutional prescriptions very closely; and even if his essays be much read, England will decide more by what is actually accomplished in the Cabinet and the field, North and South, than by any thing else."

The tradition of England is constitutional liberty. If a ministry should offer to recognize this rebellion before it has struck a blow, as a successful revolution establishing a new Power, such a ministry would be howled out of office by popular clamor. But if the rebellion maintains itself for a long time, how then?

The right and wrong will remain quite the same. But England and all other Powers will ask, "How about the fact? Grant that it is a wanton and wicked rebellion, and that it maintains itself. How long do you expect us to wait? How long did you wait in the case of Mexico and Texas? We

must be governed by the fact. If we see a Government holding its own for a long time, the common courtesy and habit of nations require that we should welcome her to the rights of a self-existing Power. Of course we take the risk of your wrath. —*A la bonne heure!*

So long as we show by the success of our arms that this is a rebellion, and that we are suppressing it, so long England will cry, "All's well!" But if the rebellion maintains its full proportions for a long time, England and the World will treat it as a question of fact, not of principle.

A WORD FROM ENGLAND.

A PRIVATE letter to the Lounger from a friend long resident in England confirms the general view of the English position toward us taken by *Harper's Weekly.*

"You fire off a gun at England (though you understand her better than some people), and at the same time there comes a volley from Paris (an American meeting there), and a sort of explosion, it appears, from the entire North. 'Tis *too* violent and explosive, as I and my beloved American kin are apt to be. You have discovered that, perhaps, ere now; though you may not be quite satisfied, and perhaps never will be, with England's conduct in the matter. I am in a better situation than any of you to see both sides, and I wish I had written you by that mail. Perhaps I might have lessened your disturbance.

"Pray understand me. I do not mean to justify the tone of most of the *Times'* articles. I went about with suppressed indignation (expressed in a proper manner upon proper occasions) at them for some time. Nor have I quite recovered therefrom, although I am beginning to *hope* just a little for something better. But I do not think the action of the Government could well have been other than it has been, as yet, considering the extreme ignorance and uncertainty afloat as to the nature of the United States Federation.

"Perhaps even on a full admission of the Union doctrine England could hardly have avoided recognizing the South as belligerents (not as a nation). I am not competent to express an opinion upon that question.

"Are you disposed to grumble at the English decision to admit the prizes of neither party to her ports, home or colonial? If so, let us all wait a while, and see what comes of the Seward proposition to admit the Treaty of Paris. I discover no sign, as yet, of the reception it is to have. For some time, certainly until the state and prospects of war have declared themselves more plainly in the States, England will strive her utmost, as is natural, to keep neutral. Her interference in any active way on the side of the South is scarcely possible. As a friend of mine remarked, any such attempt would almost create a civil war here too."

WHAT "ONCE A WEEK" SAYS.

OF all the English journals none has so clear and just a view of our affairs as *Once a Week.* In each number there is a summary of news called "Last Week," and in the number for June 8th there is such sensible talk as this:

"The letters of the *Times* correspondent were the most interesting of all the dispatches from the other side of the Atlantic. It is true he can not tell us much from the difficulty of his position. In the Crimea and in India he was at home in camp or bungalow. In the slaveholding part of America he is necessarily, in great measure, a guest. He obtains his information through the courtesy of hosts, and he can neither disclose their counsels nor criticise their cause. But he tells us something, and in no other way can we learn any thing from the interior of the seceding States."

The fact that he was their guest need not surely have prevented his criticising their cause. As the reporter of a leading newspaper detailed to get information, he had no right to accept courtesies that prevented his doing his duty. And no gentleman supposes that because he invites another gentleman to dinner he thereby binds him to approve all his opinions and acts, at least none except slaveholding gentlemen.

Once a Week continues: "Two things of importance could be learned from his letters last week. ['His' refers to W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.] It is plain that there must be an end of all talk of a dissolution of the Union being a result of democratic government. The thoroughly aristocratic character of the hitherto dominant party and its policy is plain enough now to the most hasty talkers on American affairs. The other point is—what we were longing to know—the effect produced on the mood of the secessionists by the news of the uprising of the North at the President's summons. Now that the leaders are known to admit that their menaces of Washington and their vaunts of floating their flag from Fanueil Hall were 'a feint,' the world will set a proper value on all their future threats and boastings."

Again: "As for their cotton resource, there remains for them [the rebels] the painful discovery that the world is learning to do without their staple—taught by themselves to look elsewhere for a supply."

It alludes also to the news of privateers offering from New England ports, but apparently without reflecting that Mr. Russell had no other authority for the statement than "the highest"—which, in this case, must of course have been Mr. Jefferson Davis.

Or was this piece of news one of the "tamperings" with his letters of which Mr. Russell complained at Cairo?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO CURE POVERTY.—Sit down and growl about it. By so doing you'll be sure to get rich, and make yourself particularly agreeable to every body.

Why was Bonaparte's horse like his master?—Because he had a martial neigh.

PONTIFF AND PRINCE.

The Pope can never go astray
In morals or in faith, they say;
His word as Gospel men may take;
'Tis always right, and no mistake.

By grace divine from error, sure
As eggs are eggs, is he secure:
His Bulls, from blunders wholly free,
Bespeak Infallibility.

Far clearer than the lynx, he sees
Right through the cloudiest mysteries;
And all conceptions of his pate
Are, in so far, immaculate.

But though he is so wondrous wise
In all that Reason can't comprise,
His Holiness is grossly dense,
And purblind as to Common Sense.

Grant that he could pronounce a Saint
Originally free from taint,
And can as certainly decide
This soul or that beatified:

However, he could not predict
That Lamoricière 'd be licked,
And faithful blood be shed in vain
His earthly kingdom to maintain.

The wearer of the Triple Hat,
In dogma safe, should stick to that;
In State affairs too near a fool,
Should abdicate his mundane rule.

By all means let him, if he please,
Retain the Apostolic Keys,
Only the Royal power forego
To lock up sinners here below.

Oh! would he but contented be
With spiritual sovereignty,
In peace he would possess his own,
Nor want Zouaves to guard his throne.

Come, Pius, do the proper thing,
Stand forth all Bishop; sink the King.
Send your French janizaries home;
And yield to Cæsar Cæsar's Rome.

SIMPLICITY OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

INDULGENT HUSBAND. "How is it you never do any work now? I don't think I have seen you with a needle and thread in your hands for weeks and weeks together."

INDOLENT WIFE (*lolling luxuriantly on the sofa*). "Yes, my dear, it is true; but then there is no necessity for it, since you were kind enough to buy me that wonderful WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine."

INDULGENT HUSBAND. "By-the-by, who works that, I should like to know? I think I saw you using it once, when first it was brought home, and that is all."

INDOLENT WIFE. "Oh! my dear, I get Jane, the nursery-maid, to attend to it. She rocks the cradle with one foot, and works the pedal with the other. I can assure you she is quite expert at it, and I really believe that the noise sends the baby to sleep. And, moreover, it gives me greater time to read."

[*Takes up French novel, and is soon lost in the mysteries of demimondane life.*

GIVING CHASE WITH BILLY LULY.—The following anecdote is strictly true. It is contained in a letter from a young gentleman who went out in a vessel for St. Thomas: "We were chased by a privateer off King's Channel, on Sunday morning. The villain was close in under land, in a small sloop, with about twenty-five men. When he discovered us we were nearly becalmed. He gave chase and came down very fast on us. I thought there was no chance to escape but by stratagem, and having on board a man whom I could metamorphose into any thing, I said to the captain that he had better make a gun of Billy Luly, and give chase in turn. We accordingly went to work, put a black cap on Billy's head, stretched him fore and aft on the keel of the boat, with a rope made fast to his heels, so that we could slide him on the centre of gravity freely, and pointed his head to the enemy. Having rigged up a 'long Tom,' the next thing was to fire it; and this we did by discharging a pistol into a barrel, and raising a smoke by throwing ashes into the air. The trick succeeded—the sloop tacked and made off; we hauled on a wind and pursued her close in under the land, then tacked ship and stood into St. Thomas. Thus were twenty-five men driven off by four.

A lady who had received a severe bite in her arm from a dog went to Mr. Abernethy, but knowing his aversion to hearing any statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part, and held it before him in silence. After looking at it an instant, he said, in an inquiring tone,

"Scratch?"

"Bite," replied the lady.

"Cat?" asked the Doctor.

"Dog," rejoined the patient.

So delighted was Mr. A. with the brevity and promptness of her answers, that he exclaimed,

"Zounds, Madam, you are the most sensible woman I ever met with in my life."

The following is a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting for it in company with a boy until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day he took for his text the following passage from Job: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, "I know where he is, Sir; he's in Tom Smith's stable!"

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know, Sir," replied William, "'cept it be that the 'east makes every thing rise."

Mr. Lamb, a King's Counsel, when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of timid manners and nervous disposition, usually prefacing his pleadings with an apology to that effect; and on one occasion, when opposed, in some cause, to Erskine, he happened to remark that "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes."

THE FAULTY PORTRAIT.

All you sitters expect to be flattered, and very little flattery do you bestow. Perversely, you won't even see your own likenesses. Take, for instance, the following scene, which we had from a miniature painter:

A man, aged about forty, had been sitting to him—one of as little pretensions as you can imagine; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had a homeopathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity, at least; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as a greasy, billious man, with a peculiar, conventicle aspect—that is, one who affects a union of gravity and love.

"Well, Sir," said the painter, "that will do: I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness."

The man looks at it and says nothing—puts on an expression of disappointment.

"What, don't you think it like, Sir?" says the artist.

"Why—ye-ce-s, it is like—but—"

"But what, Sir? I think it is exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like."

"Why, I'd rather you would find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me."

And here our friend the painter declared that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability.

"Well, Sir, upon my word I don't see any fault at all—it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you would be so good as to tell me what you mean."

"Oh, Sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself; look again."

"I can't see any difference, Sir; so if you don't tell me it can't be altered."

"Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes.*"

The following trick is said to have been played on Old Thornton, the theatrical manager: A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug (it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose) was drawn, and the liquor taken away; in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it refilled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated: the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not; but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drank their contents.

A LEARNED WIFE.—A Turk coming to a mosque beheld his wife in conversation with a strange man, and, entering, desired her to come away. The woman replied, "It is written in our sacred Koran, 'Thou shalt not command in any house but thy own.'" The husband asked what she was about. "Ask no questions," replied the wife; "for the Scripture says, 'Thou shalt not inquire about what does not concern thee.'" He again ordered her to come away, when she exclaimed, "The holy book declares that mosques belong to God; disturb not, therefore, his temple." He attempted to seize her, and she replied, "The Koran says, whoever is in a mosque, to that person it is an asylum." The husband was now confounded, and said, "Plague upon a learned wife! She has begun to study the Koran, and, I fancy, is come here to finish it."

Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

Red noses are sometimes light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

What is the best line to lead a man with?—Crinoline. What is the best line to lead a woman?—Mascu-line.

QUESTION FOR ACTORS.—Can a man be said to work when he plays, or to be a sound man when he is continually in pieces?

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society!

"Pitch-darkness" has been so improved in latter times as to read "bituminous obscurity."

A wise man may be pinched by poverty, but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

When a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably sews in order that she may reap.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They show a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft drawn on them by their humblest customers.

When is a young lady like a poacher?—When she has her hair in a net.

Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as the papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

THERE are now over 60,000 troops in and about Washington, counting those on both sides of the Potomac; and not counting those who guard the river opposite to Leesburg and beyond. There are sixty-four regiments of volunteers, averaging 900 men each, some 1200 regulars, of which only 350—five companies—are cavalry, and several hundred District volunteers. Thirty-one regiments are from New York, seven from New Jersey, four from Pennsylvania, five from Maine, three each from Michigan, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and two from Ohio, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Vermont, Minnesota, and New Hampshire. New York has one, New Hampshire one, and Pennsylvania two between here and Point of Rocks, where 1500 District volunteers, a company of United States cavalry, and two batteries are also posted.

AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Nothing of importance has taken place at or about Fortress Monroe, although considerable excitement was created there on Friday by the arrest of Colonel Allen, of the First New York Regiment, by order of General Butler, for trial by court-martial. The particulars of the charge have not transpired, but from all we can learn it appears to be based on the following facts: It seems that on Thursday afternoon information reached Colonel Allen that a number of negroes and white men were gathering in a field of wheat, five miles distant, belonging to Major Thompson, of the rebel army, and were going to convey the same to Yorktown for the aid of the rebels. Some of them demanded from Colonel Allen the horses previously confiscated from the rebel soldiers to convey the wheat to the army. Colonel Allen refused to give up the horses, and sent a squad of soldiers to prevent them from taking the wheat. Soon afterward the wheat-field took fire, and twenty acres were destroyed. It being supposed that the wheat-field was burned by Colonel Allen's order, he received the following note from General Butler: "Colonel Allen, commanding First Regiment New York Volunteers, is ordered to report himself to me, under arrest, at these quarters, forthwith. The command of his regiment will devolve upon Lieutenant-Colonel Dyckman, of his regiment, who will report to me for further orders. Charges and specifications for trial will be furnished Colonel Allen at the earliest possible moment."

THE ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Affairs in Western Virginia seem to have undergone no change. Major-General M'Clellan and Staff are now at Clarksburg, and General Morris is in command at Philippi, which place the rebels appear to have given up all idea of attacking at present. General Hill commands the National forces at Grafton and along the railroad from Parkersburg and Wheeling to Piedmont.

THE REBELS AT HARPER'S FERRY AGAIN.

Two regiments arrived at Harper's Ferry on June 29, and drove out all the Union men there. They then destroyed the remaining portion of the trestle work of the railroad, and crossing over to the Maryland shore seized all the boats they could lay hands on, and either destroyed them or carried them off. Intelligence from Stevenson's station, where General Johnson's head-quarters now are, states that the force encamped immediately about him at the fullest is 5000 men. He has sixteen pieces of artillery; of these six are rifled twelve-pounders, two twenty-four-pounders of the old kind, two twelve pound howitzers of the old kind, and six twelve pound howitzers. Of these last none are rifled. The troops are said to be well drilled, but not so well equipped as the Union forces. They are under very strict discipline, but seem discontented and not in very good condition.

SKIRMISH AT ALEXANDRIA.

Another skirmish is reported as having taken place near Alexandria, on Saturday night, between the picket-guard of the First Michigan Regiment and a party of about twenty rebel scouts. One of the Michigan men was killed, and one was wounded, while the loss of the rebels was two killed and two wounded. The attack upon the pickets is said to have been made from ambush.

A UNION MOVEMENT IN TEXAS.

Information has been received in Washington from Texas to the effect that the Western frontier of that State was preparing to follow the example of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, by organizing a formidable movement against secession, and adhering to the Union in the shape of a new State.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD.

On Thursday, 27th ult., Captain Ward of the *Freeborn,* with his own vessel, the *Pawnee,* and the *Resolute,* left Washington for the purpose of landing men at Mathias Point, there to erect a battery with which to operate against the batteries planted by the rebels, there threatening the navigation of the Potomac. A party of thirty or forty men were landed in small boats, under cover of the guns of the fleet, and at once proceeded to build a battery of sand-bags. While thus engaged, a large force of the rebels, who had been concealed in the woods, rushed upon our troops and opened a galling fire of musketry. A part of the men retired to their boats and rowed back to the *Freeborn;* the rest swam thither, exposed to the fire, by which several were wounded. When the attack was made Captain Ward opened fire from the guns of this vessel, dispersing the rebels, and sending them back to the woods. While thus engaged, he was struck by a bullet and died within the hour. The National flag carried by the party was riddled with balls.

MORE ARRESTS AT BALTIMORE.

General Banks continues to carry out his vigorous programme in Baltimore for the suppression of the conspiracy on the part of the police authorities against the Government. He arrested on 1st the whole of the Police Commissioners, with the exception of Mayor Brown, and sent them to Fort M'Henry, where Marshal Kane is held in durance. Bodies of infantry and artillery have been posted in different quarters of the city, ready to meet any rioters who may show themselves.

A SKIRMISH AT CUMBERLAND.

A part of Colonel Wallace's Indiana Zouaves at Cumberland, while scouting in that vicinity on the night of the 26th ult., encountered about forty mounted rebels, and routed them after a brisk skirmish. It is reported that seventeen of the rebels were killed and several wounded, and a good many horses taken.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF VIRGINIA.

The Administration has formally recognized the Provisional Government of Virginia by officially communicating to Governor Pierpont the apportionment of the State.

PROCLAMATIONS BY GENERAL PILLOW.

General Pillow has issued two proclamations at Memphis: one of these recalls his order to have whisky and tobacco served with army rations; the other recommends the payment to the State of all debts due in the loyal States.

THE VOTE IN TENNESSEE.

As far as heard from, the result of the vote on the "Declaration of Independence" in Tennessee is as follows:

	Rebel.	Union.
East Tennessee	12,280	25,457
Middle Tennessee	56,653	6,297
West Tennessee	25,164	4,500
Total	94,097	36,248
Rebel majority		57,849

A GOOD REGIMENT.

There is some invaluable material in the Second Regiment of Wisconsin, which will be likely to exhibit its availability before the close of the war. The regiment embraces a fighting force of ten hundred and fifty men, among whom are two hundred and fifty who have graduated at some institution of classical learning; two hundred of them are lumbermen, not one in ten of whom have slept upon any thing softer than a saw log in half a dozen years, and all over five feet ten inches high; one entire company is composed of foundery-men and iron-workers, and the remainder of the regiment is made up of mechanics and farmers.

ACCIDENT TO THE "COLORADO."

While the United States steamer *Colorado* was at sea, on the evening of June 20, a break occurred in the after standard supporting the reversing shaft to the propeller. It had broken midway, and at a point where a triangular-shaped piece had been sawed out of the rib, and a nicely-fitted piece of soft wrought-iron inserted and fastened by a small tap bolt. The surfaces had then been filed smoothly and painted over as before. But for the breakage it would have escaped the most critical examination. A strict inspection was made of the other parts, resulting in a discovery of a similar work upon the forward standard of the reversing shaft. Several other flaws were discovered, and the conclusion was irresistible that some villain had wrought all this mischief for the purpose of disabling the ship. A delay of thirty-six hours was caused before the repairs could be made, and the vessel again proceed on its course.

PERSONAL.

One P. M'Quillan, a South Carolina traitor, who is said to have been recently in this city for the purpose of procuring men and munitions of war for the rebels, was arrested in Washington on 28th by order of the Secretary of State.

Charles Henry Foster announces himself to the citizens of the First Congressional District of North Carolina as an unconditional Union candidate for Congress, and calls on them to exercise their right of suffrage without fear.

The verdict in the Burch divorce case has been set aside, and a new trial is granted.

Lieutenant Crittenden, "a secesher," son of John J. Crittenden, who was challenged to fight a duel at Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 24th June, by Lieutenant L. L. Jones, on account of the former making fun of the American flag. Crittenden refused to fight.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE SOUTH ON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

La Patrie has the following important statement, which has since been repeated in the *Moniteur:*

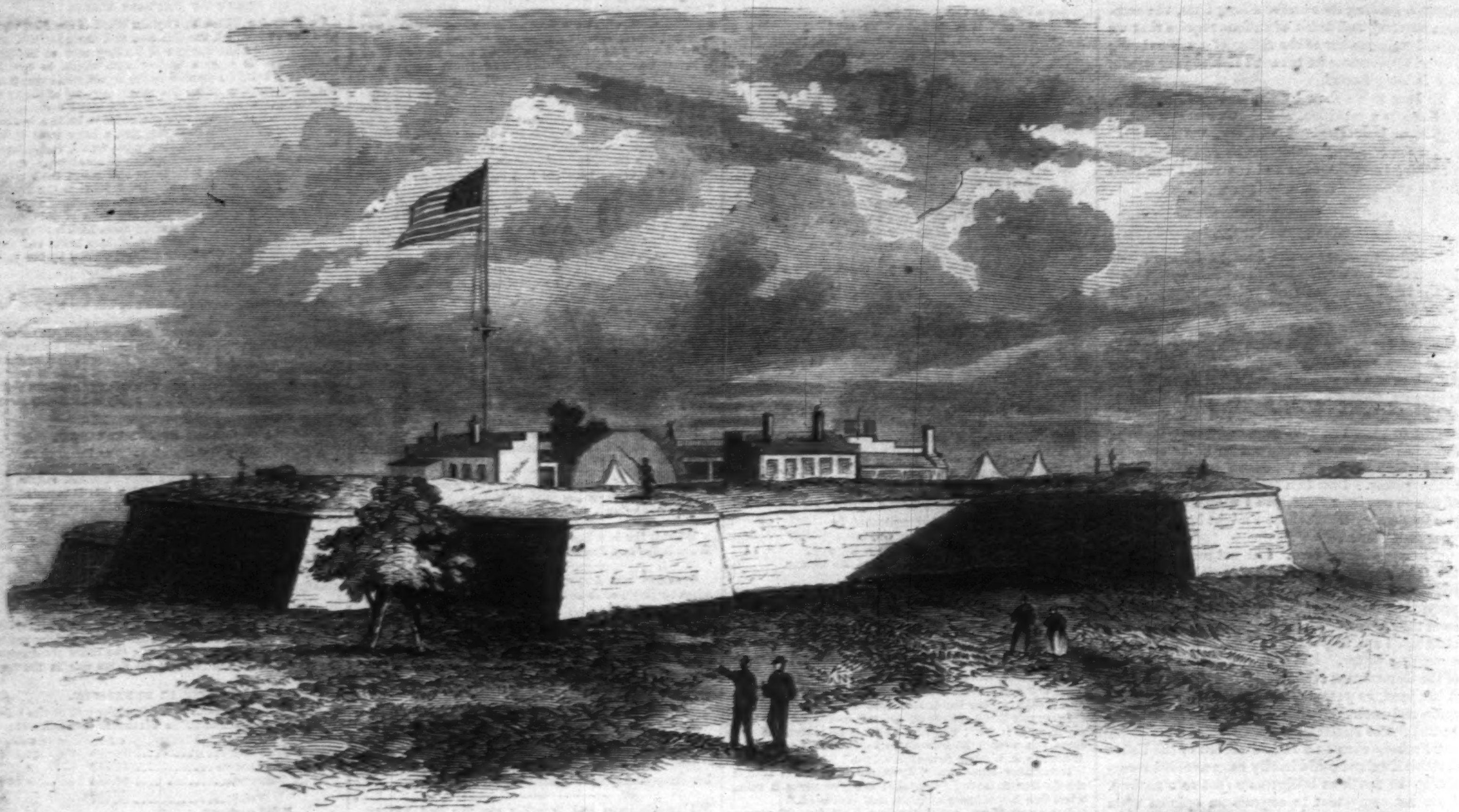
It is stated that negotiations will shortly be opened to effect the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between France and the Court of Turin. Should these negotiations take place, the result will be the recognition *de facto* of the Italian kingdom, composed of the provinces and of the states which have been placed under the sceptre of his Majesty King Victor Emanuel consequent on events on which France has now no opinion to express, but which have been accomplished under favor of the principle of non-intervention recognized by Europe. The renewal of diplomatic relations with Turin would not imply, on the part of France, as regards the policy of the Italian kingdom, any judgment on the past, or any responsibility for the future.

It would show that the *de facto* government of this new State is sufficiently established for it to be possible to entertain international relations with it, which the interests of the two countries imperiously demand. France, by her new attitude, would not pretend to interfere in any manner in the internal or external affairs of the Italian kingdom, which remains sole judge of its conduct, as it is master of its future and of its destinies. It would act toward it as one day the great European Powers will act in the American question, by recognizing the new republic of the Southern States, when that republic shall have constituted a government on a basis which will allow international relations to be entertained with it of advantage to general interests.

ITALY.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

At latest dates the French legislative body had not noticed the event of Count Cavour's death—a fact which elicited some comment. Napoleon, it is again asserted, will soon recognize the complete independence of Italy. The *Journal des Débats* asserts that if Austria should again cross the Mincio, the war in Italy, which "was interrupted in 1859," must inevitably be renewed. Pope Pius the Ninth was very seriously ill. Count Cavour's confessor had arrived in Rome, with a message from the dying Minister to his Holiness.



Columbiad pointing to City of Baltimore. Columbiad covering Washington Monument.

FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY A MEMBER OF COMPANY D, 3D RIFLES, M. V.

FORT M'HENRY AND MARSHAL KANE.

On 27th June General Banks astonished the people of the rebellious city of Baltimore by arresting Marshal Kane at 3 A.M., and marching him under guard of a file of soldiers to Fort M'Henry. Of his traitorous proceedings no doubt is entertained, and every one applauds General Banks's vigorous course. We publish on page 445, in illustration of the event, a portrait of MARSHAL KANE, from a recent photograph; and on this page a view of FORT M'HENRY, lately sent us by a member of Company D, 3d Rifles, M. V. It is an extremely strong fort, and the Columbiads which are now placed in position command the city thoroughly.

Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, thus describes Fort M'Henry at the present time:

Fort M'Henry is now in very good condition to resist any assault. When the Baltimore riot occurred, as was very fully explained soon after in a letter from the fort to the *Times*, it was in a very bad condition, and could scarcely have resisted a vigorous assault. It is a small work, of the old style, surrounded by a dry ditch, and scarcely provided with any defenses on the landward side, from which, when it was built, an attack was never contemplated. But now, thanks to the energy of Major Morris, of the regular army, who has been for some time its commandant, it may defy attack from any quarter. Barricades have been erected to guard the entrance. An abattis of trees, with projecting branches, has been erected around the fort. Several platforms have been extemporized under the curtain originally intended only to shelter infantry. Sand-bag guards have been placed over the door and window of the magazine. Gutters have been provided to roll hand-grenades upon the heads of an assailing force. Fresh guns have been mounted, and I observed that all the mortars and a part of the Columbiads on the landward side are kept *loaded*—in preparation for any emergency. Fort M'Henry is about two miles from the centre of the city, and it is well understood that it could drop shells, hot or otherwise, into all the houses in the infected district with the utmost ease. I trust the necessity for so doing may never arise; but it is consoling to know that, if it does, it can be promptly met.

A correspondent of the *Herald* says:

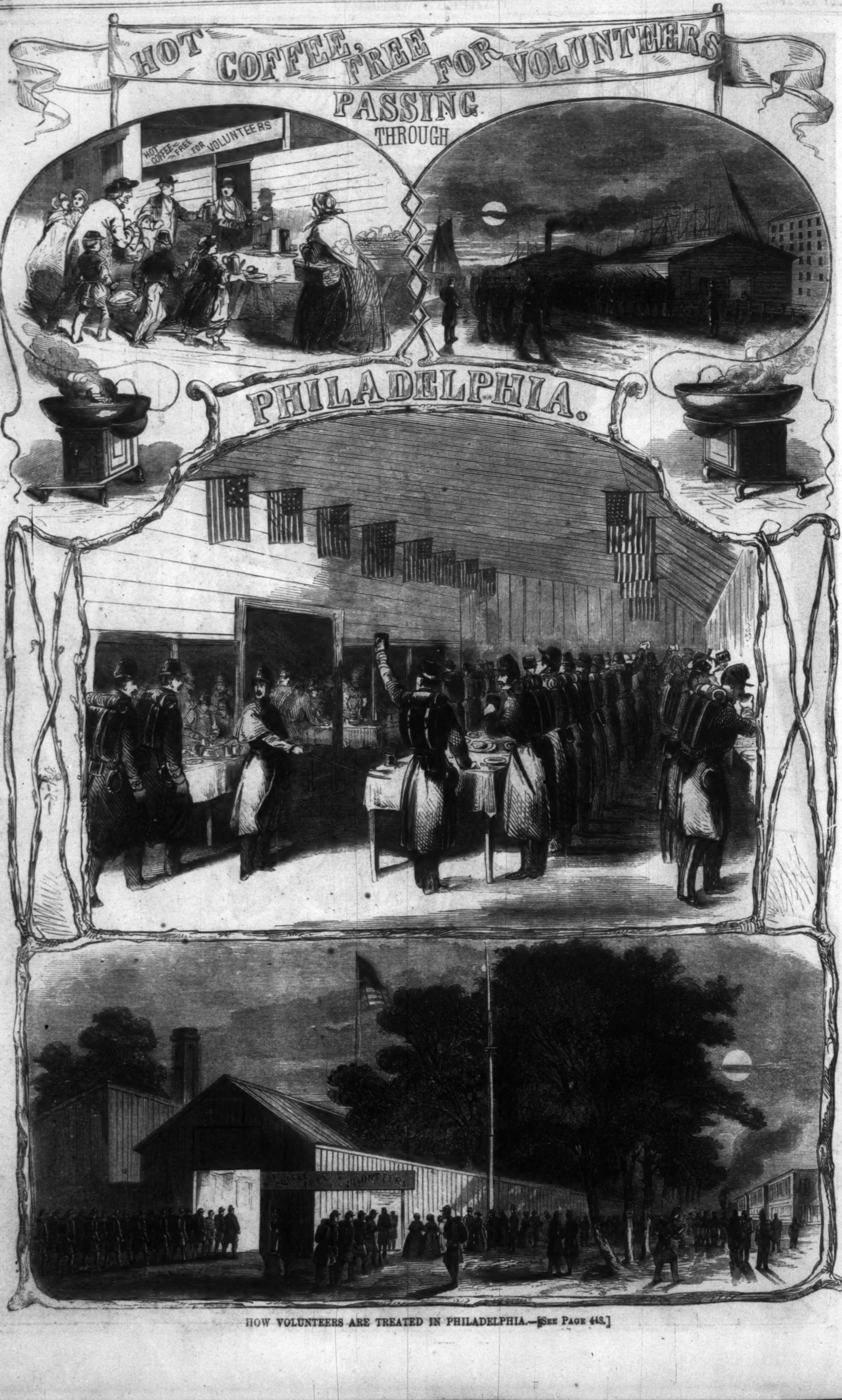
The "unconstitutional" examination of Marshal Kane's premises, since his arrest in Baltimore, has brought to light some curious pieces of personal property, an enumeration of which may be of some interest to the public. Here are the articles:

Cannon, four and six pounders, 6; assorted shot, lbs., 2000; shell, lbs., 1000; shot for steam guns, lbs., 300; muskets, 663; carbines, 48; rifles, 43; double-barreled shot-guns, 3; single-barreled shot-guns, 8; horse pistols, 9; small pistols, 65; bullet moulds, 132; cartridge-boxes, 3; dirk-knives, 8; swords, 5; drums, 8; gum coats, 23; powder-flasks, 64; canisters, 117; cartridges, 40,000; canisters of shot, 7; besides a lot of screw-drivers, etc.

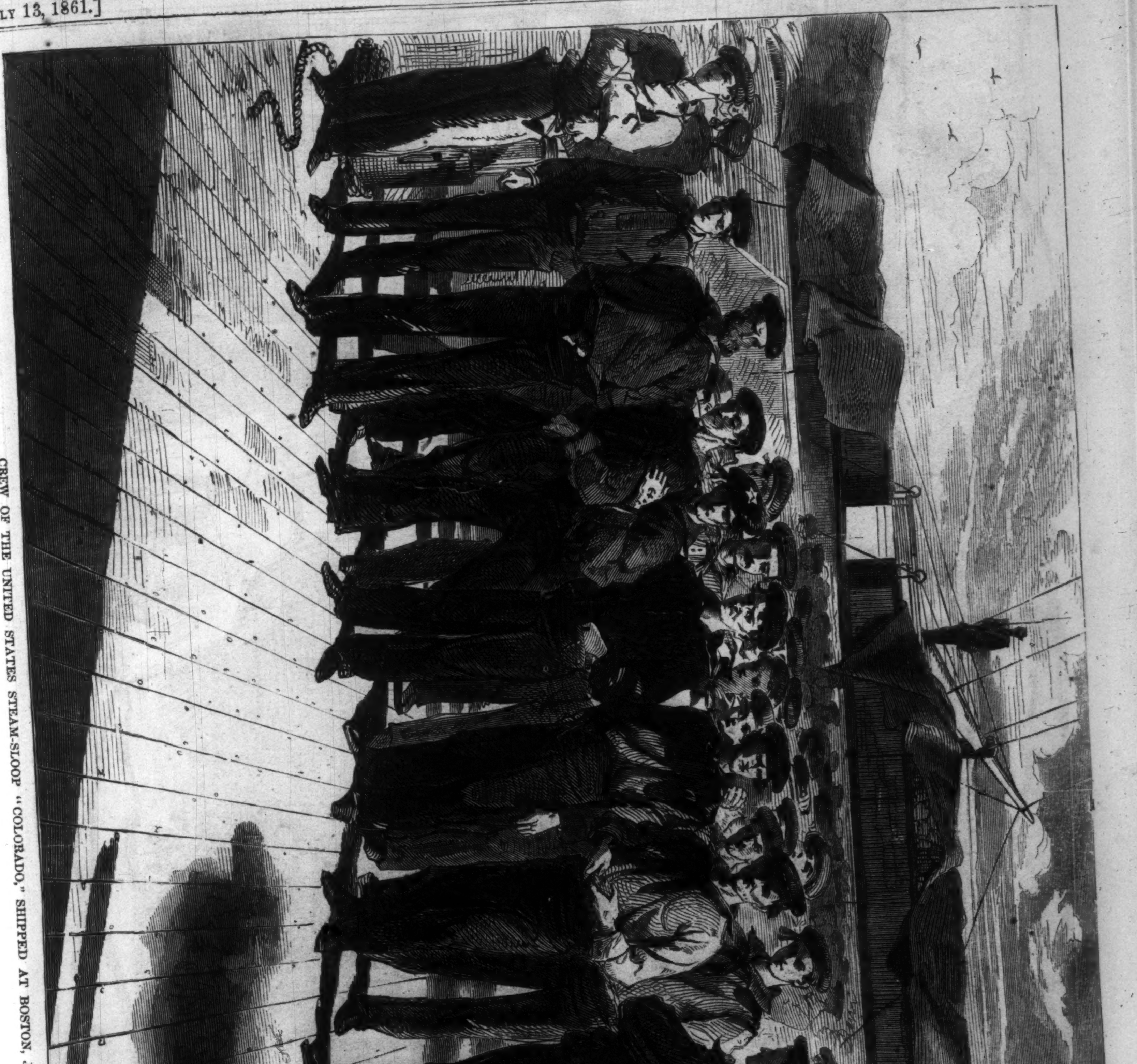
VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT DAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

Montgomery Blair. Caleb B. Smith. Salmon P. Chase. The President. William H. Seward. Simon Cameron. Edward Bates. Gideon Welles.

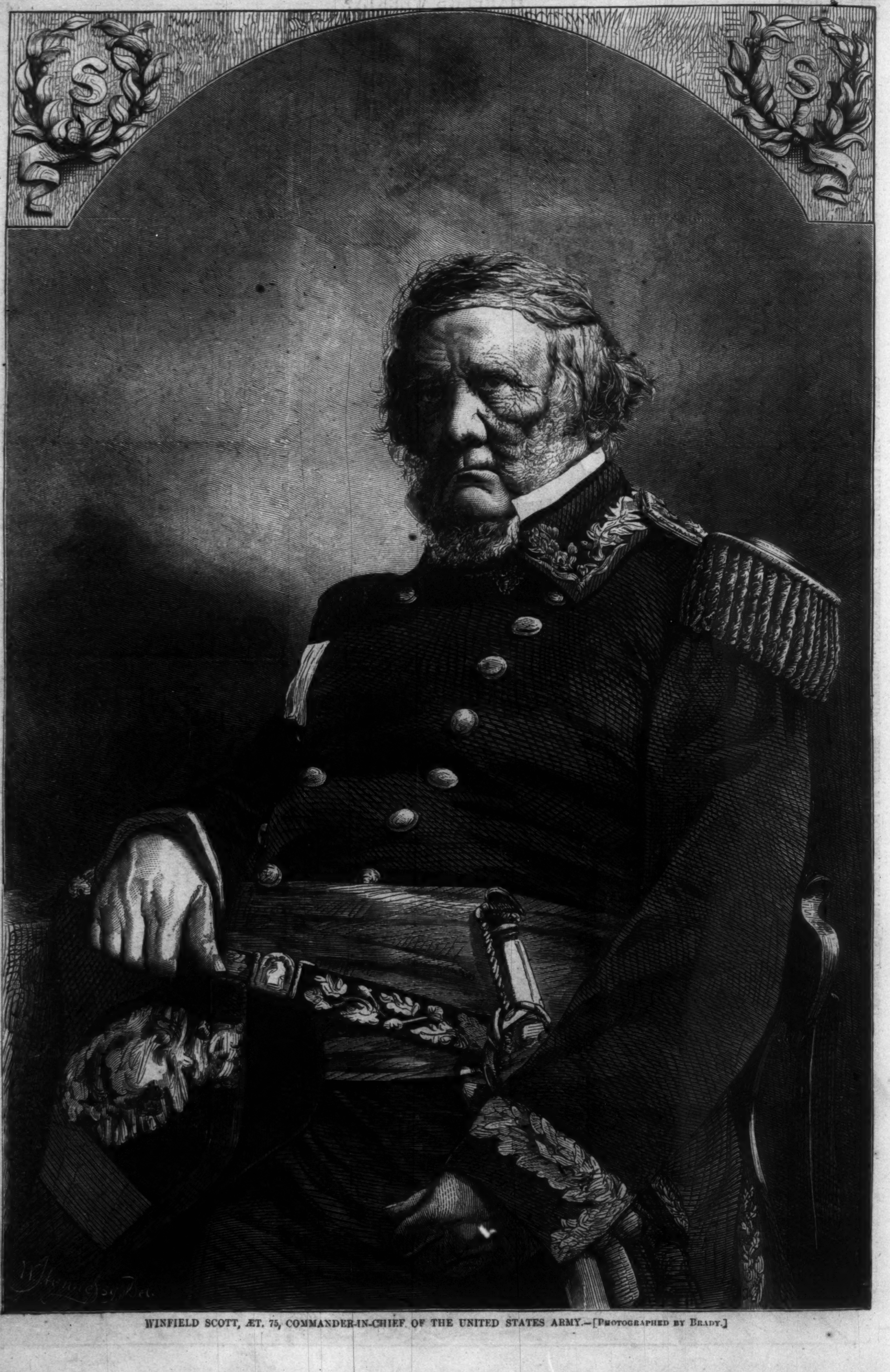
THE CABINET AT WASHINGTON.



HOW VOLUNTEERS ARE TREATED IN PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 443.]



CREW OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "COLORADO," SHIPPED AT BOSTON, JUNE, 1861.—[See Page 443.]



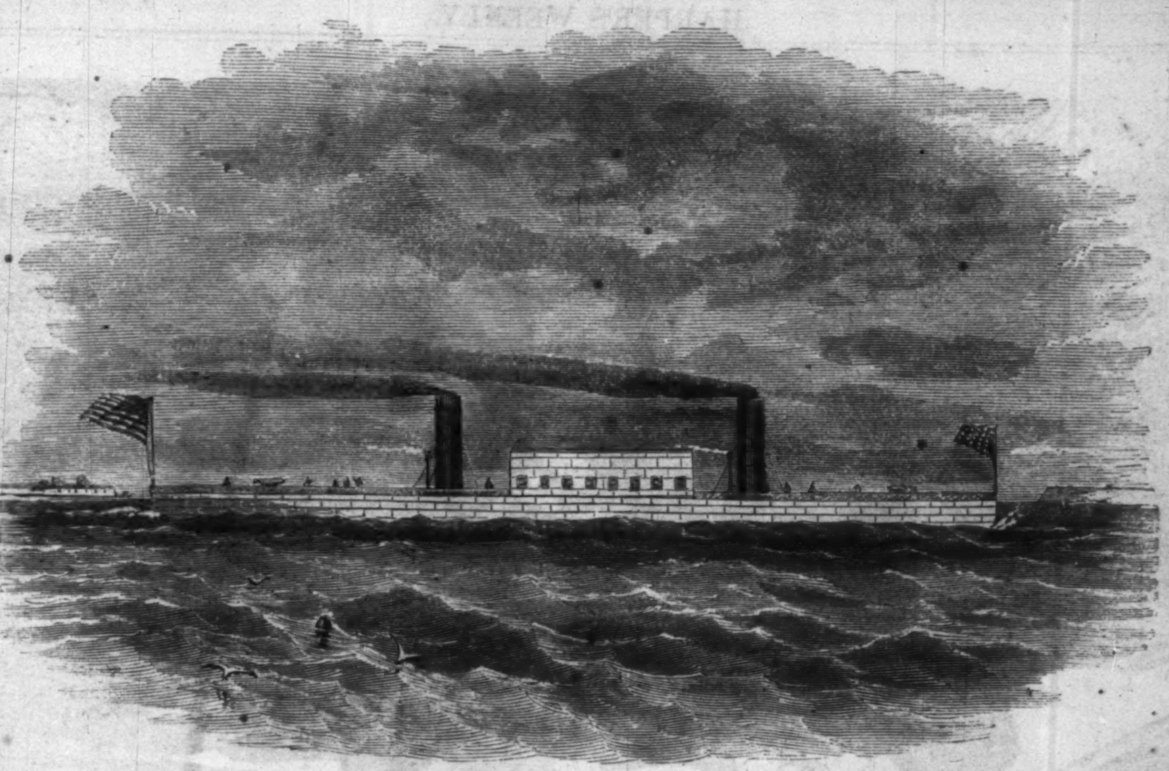
WINFIELD SCOTT, ÆT. 75, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT, ÆT. 41.—[FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GIMBREDE.]

A SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH.—From an Original Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 447.]

A BOMB-PROOF BATTERY.

AT the present session of Congress there is but little doubt that orders will be given to finish the celebrated BOMB-PROOF BATTERY, designed by R. L. Stevens, and which for so many years has lain at the yard at Hoboken, securely guarded by watchmen and dogs. Until very recently, no one connected with the press has ever visited it. Our artist, however, embraced an opportunity of visiting the monster ship, and has furnished us with the sketch, which we reproduce on this page. He also learned that this vessel, when about to engage in an action, is sunk so that its decks are just above water. It will mount a powerful battery of sixteen rifled guns in the bomb-proof casemates, while two heavy Columbiads for throwing shell will be mounted on the deck—one forward and the other aft. The funnels, or smoke-pipes, will be constructed on the telescopic principle, and can be lowered at pleasure, or in action, when they would serve for a mark for the enemy's shot. Mr. Stevens says that if the vessel is fitted out according to his plans, he would be willing to guarantee the capture of Sumter in a less number of hours than it took the South Carolinians with their seventeen batteries.



THE STEVENS BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

REFRESHMENTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

WE illustrate on page 438 an admirable Philadelphia "institution," which we commend to the notice of the public. The artist who obligingly sent us the sketch describes it as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 17, 1861.

I send you herewith a few sketches, illustrating an admirable idea for furnishing the volunteers for the United States, passing through Philadelphia to the seat of war, with a real solace, in the shape of hot coffee and plenty of bread, butter, and cold meat, free of expense. When the troops began to hasten to the defense of the Government most of them passed through here, travel-worn and hungry, without any intimation to our citizens of their visit, and nearly all at such hours after midnight as precluded any public reception. Then it was that a few patriotic individuals would bring baskets of bread and a few gallons of coffee to comfort and refresh a few of the strangers. These limited yet thankfully received supplies were handed in the car windows until the want became known, when, from the bare suspicion that a regiment was coming, many would stay up nearly all night, making what coffee their little domestic articles would allow, and taking it to the general table near the dépôt. But this was too limited, many soldiers getting none, which soon attracted the attention of some energetic persons, who determined to carry the affair to a complete and creditable form. Donations of money and means were solicited, and were given with a liberality suitable to the cause. The two large heaters and boilers (in the sketch) were given by Mr. Savory. The use of the two buildings at the southwest corner of Water and Washington streets was obtained (each about sixty feet deep), which have been furnished with tables, neatly covered with white cloths, set with ironstone plates and tin cups, and can accommodate three full companies at one time, having now complete facilities for furnishing a regiment with as much food as they can eat, and nearly a quart of coffee for each man. As few men can drink over a pint, it is a rich treat to see them emptying the whisky from their canteens to receive the coffee. "Och mon!" said a big Scotchman with the Highland Regiment the other day, after clearing his tin cup at one draught and smacking his lips—"och mon, but thot's gude!" Arrangements have also been made to receive telegraphic communications from regiments or companies several hours in advance of their arrival, when our citizens are notified by the firing of cannon—one gun announcing the fact, and the requisite number telling the hour at which they will arrive. The first call of the volunteers is frequently for water to wash with, and to-morrow the plumber will finish the introduction of water pipe and forty spiggots. A suitable number of wash-basins and towels, with plenty soap, have been furnished. Gas will also be introduced by Thursday, when a grand public festival and flag-raising will celebrate the completion of this patriotic and really substantial display of sympathy for a great cause.

I have sent you the sketch, as you have the largest circulation of any paper in the country. Should you find it worthy of publication it may be the means of conveying the idea to the patriotic in other sections. As one of the Massachusetts boys told me to-day, "Coffee is better than whisky."

THE VIRGINIAN ARMY.

The attentive correspondent to whom we have been indebted for so many interesting sketches of the rebel army in Virginia has supplied us with the drawings which we reproduce this week on pages 436 and 445. They represent VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT DAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION, and a CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, ON THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD. These pictures are intrinsically interesting, and those who can form an idea of the difficulty with which the sketches are obtained will not prize them the less on that account. Our correspondent writes:

HILLSBORO, VIRGINIA, *June* 23, 1861.

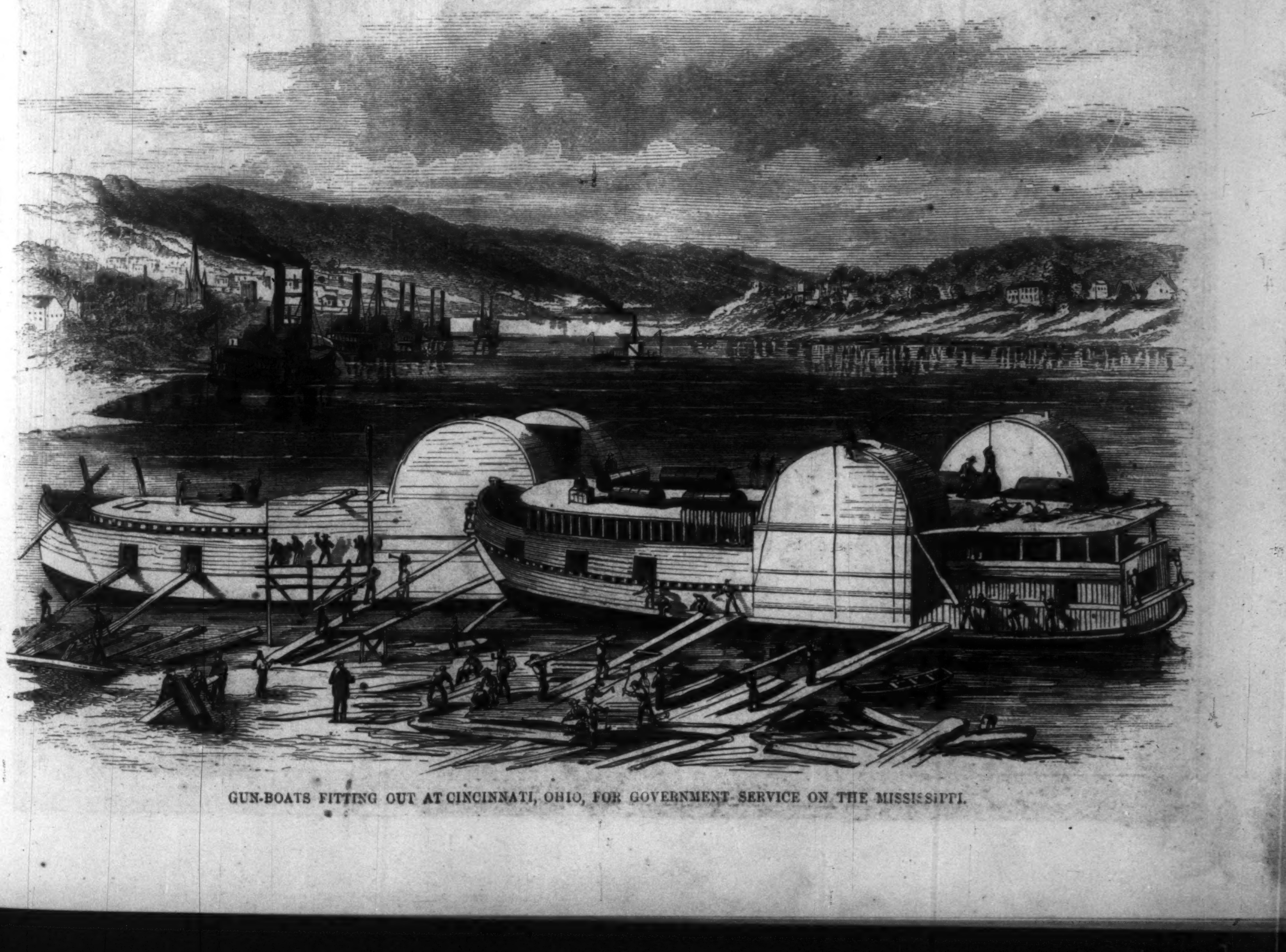
The sketch of troops crossing the Blue Ridge I made a few days ago. It strikingly illustrates a Virginia regiment on the march. I think I shall paint the same subject *when the war is over.* The other sketch, made on Thursday, is the camp of a portion of the large army now under the command of General Beauregard, whose head-quarters are somewhere about Manassas Junction. It is said there is now upward of fifty thousand men in that neighborhood; but of that it is impossible to tell, as the whole country is a camp. I never saw so many tents, soldiers, and horses before in my life. I would freely give you all the information in my power in regard to matters here; but it is one of the conditions upon which my friend has consented to take charge of my letters, that I send no intelligence abroad, as it might place us both in an ugly fix if any thing of the sort were found upon him. The people here are very suspicious, and no man who values his life should come here for the sake of curiosity. As for me, I shall get away as soon as I can. Living here is both uncomfortable and expensive. Food is plenty; but in traveling you are obliged to go horseback or on foot, as railroads are mostly taken up for the transportation of troops, etc. Bayonets bristle at every town. You are stopped at every step; and a stranger, even with a pass from a commanding officer, finds the greatest difficulty in getting about. I never was in such a warlike place before, and shall be glad to get back to Maryland, where at least there is some show of peace. When I leave here I think I shall try the Federal Army, where, no doubt, I will find more facility in sketching.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* says:

A lady arrived here last night from Richmond. She prepared to leave Virginia several days since, but, from her well-known intimate relations to leading Union men in Virginia, was flatly refused the courtesy of a pass from Jeff Davis. A subsequent application to Beauregard met with a similar refusal. She escaped, however, and upon reaching the bank of the Potomac, several miles above Washington, procured the services of a boatman, who brought her down the river during the night, and she reached town in safety. She informs me that scattered along the route from Richmond to Manassas, and thence to Fairfax Court House, the Confederates have a large body of troops. General Beauregard openly declares his intention to move toward Washington, and hopes yet to be able to take it. His plan is—so this authority avers—to get as near our Arlington outposts as possible with his main force, and to shell the city. Thence, meantime, he designs to push his column on, to engage our forces, and to carry such points as he is able to conquer, and with a reserve march finally upon the Capital. She adds that General Beauregard, through his emissaries, who are constantly coming to and going from this city, is thoroughly informed of all the movements of our forces.

THE CREW OF THE STEAM-FRIGATE "COLORADO."

ON page 439 the reader will find a truthful picture of the crew of the United States steam-frigate *Colorado*, which has lately sailed from Boston to join the blockading fleet. The men were all recruited and shipped at Boston, and we understand that an unusual proportion of them are Americans. Their physique goes to show that the race has not degenerated in that part of the country, and that when occasion offers they will do full justice to the reputation which our gallant tars have won in many a fight and on many a sea.



GUN-BOATS FITTING OUT AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, FOR GOVERNMENT SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, IN HIS PRAIRIE COSTUME

ALL IS WELL!

They stood, mute lipped, with sullen eyes
When spring was fresh and green,
A tiny coffin at their feet,
A new-made grave between.
The earth was rich with bursting buds,
The wind with grand perfumes,
God's music, in a thousand tones,
Swept softly round the tombs.
The preacher, with a voice attuned
To meet the music's swell,
Stood heralding an angel's birth,
The promise, "All is well!"

The neighbors, with uncovered heads,
In saddened groups stood by,
With many a listening, trembling lip,
And many a dimming eye.
For every one of all the groups
Who gathered sadly there
Knew why, on either side the grave,
Stood James and Ellen Ware.
They knew how words of bitter strife
Had words of love defied,
And how a wandering man returned,
The day his child had died.

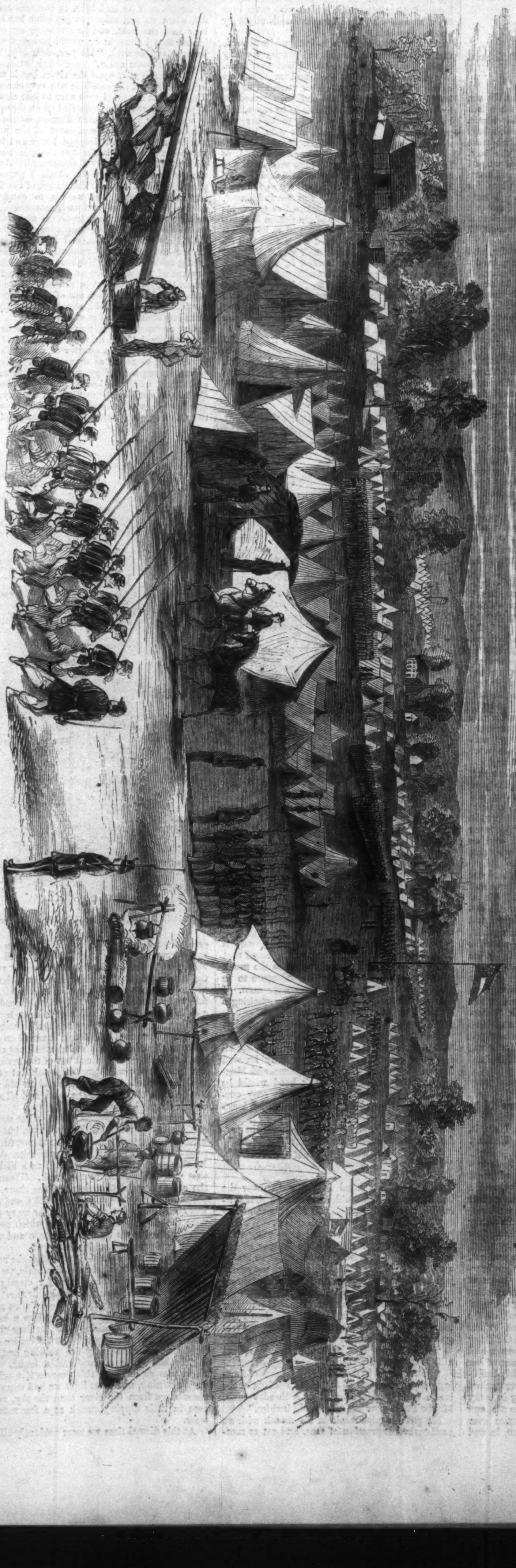
Returned too late to kiss the lips
He loved so well with life;
Returned with anger in his heart
Against an angry wife.
For she, when first the babe had drooped,
With sullen scorn denied
Her wish to have the father by
The little sufferer's side.
She steeled her heart with every word
His angry tongue had said,
And called him only to his home
To find his darling dead.

And so they stood beside the grave,
The husband and the wife,
Still warming in their heart of hearts
The olden words of strife.
The only two of all the crowd
Unmoved to love and tears,
With them the promise, "All is well!"
Fell on unlistening ears.
The prayer had ceased, the sexton stooped
To lift the tiny load,
To lay the baby child away
Within its last abode.

From either side the open grave
Stepped James and Ellen Ware,
And knelt beside the baby child
That lay so silent there.
Their heads were bowed, their hands were clasped
Upon the coffin lid;
The tears that struggled from their hearts
Could be no longer hid.
The preacher cast his eyes aloft,
And stretched his hands in prayer,
No word he spoke, we knew he prayed
For James and Ellen Ware.

Their hands crept blindly o'er the lid,
And met in warm embrace,
Their heads were lifted from their breasts,
To gaze in either face.
In sad, heart-broken tones they called
Their baby's name aloud,
And sobbing in each other's arms,
They kissed its wooden shroud.
And as the sexton stooped to lift
Once more the little shell,
They whispered to each other's heart
The promise, "All is well!"

MARSHAL KANE, OF BALTIMORE.
[See Page 436.]



GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, NEAR THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD.—[See Page 443.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LIII.

IT was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return, were questions utterly unknown to me; nor did I vex my mind with them, for it was wholly set on Provis's safety. I only wondered for the passing moment, as I stopped at the door and looked back, under what altered circumstances I should next see those rooms, if ever.

We loitered down to the Temple stairs, and stood loitering there, as if we were not quite decided to go upon the water at all. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready and every thing in order. After a little show of indecision, which there were none to see but the two or three amphibious creatures belonging to our Temple stairs, we went on board and cast off; Herbert in the bow, I steering. It was then about high-water—half past eight.

Our plan was this: The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend, between Kent and Essex, where the river is broad and solitary, where the water-side inhabitants are very few, and where lone public houses are scattered here and there, of which we could choose one for a resting-place. There we meant to lie by, all night. The steamer for Hamburg and the steamer for Rotterdam would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning, and would be in our part of the river at about noon. We should know at what time to expect them according to where we were, and would hail the first; so that if by any accident we were not taken aboard, we should have another chance. We had a pocket-glass with us, and knew the distinguishing marks of each vessel.

The relief of being at last engaged in the execution of the purpose was so great to me that I felt it difficult to realize the condition in which I had been a few hours before. The crisp air, the sunlight, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself—the road that ran with us, seeming to sympathize with us, animate us, and encourage us on—freshened me with new hope. I felt mortified to be of so little use in the boat; but there were few better oarsmen than my two friends, and they rowed with a steady stroke that was to last all day.

At that time the steam traffic on the Thames was far below its present extent, and watermen's boats were far more numerous. Of barges, sailing colliers, and coasting-traders, there were perhaps as many as now; but of steamships, great and small, not a tithe or a twentieth part so many. Early as it was, there were plenty of scullers going here and there that morning, and plenty of barges dropping down with the tide; the navigation of the river between bridges, in an open boat, was a much easier and commoner matter in those days than it is in these; and we went ahead among many skiffs and wherries, briskly.

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate Market with its oyster-boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitors' Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping. Here were the Leith, Aberdeen, and Glasgow steamers loading and unloading goods, and looking immensely high out of the water as we passed alongside; here were colliers by the score and score, with the coal-whippers plunging off stages on deck, as counterweights to measures of coal swinging up, which were then rattled over the side into barges; here, at her moorings, was to-morrow's steamer for Rotterdam, of which we took good notice; and here to-morrow's for Hamburg, under whose bowsprit we crossed. And now I, sitting in the stern, could see with a faster beating heart Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond stairs.

"Is he there?" said Herbert.

"Not yet."

"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"

"Not well from here; but I think I see it. Now, I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!"

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river pilot as my heart could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done. Thankye, thankye!"

Again among the tiers of shipping, in and out, avoiding rusty chain-cables, frayed hempen hawsers, and bobbing buoys, sinking for the moment floating broken baskets, scattering floating chips of wood and shaving, cleaving floating scum of coal, in and out, under the figure-head of the John of Sunderland making a speech to the winds (as is done by many Johns), and the Betsy of Yarmouth with a firm formality of bosom and her knobby eyes starting two inches out of her head, in and out, hammers going in ship-builders' yards, saws going at timber, clashing engines going at things unknown, pumps going in leaky ships, capstans going, ships going out to sea, and unintelligible sea-monsters roaring curses over the bulwarks at respondent lightermen, in and out—out at last upon the clearer river, where the ships' boys might take their fenders in, no longer fishing in troubled waters with them over the side, and where the festooned sails might fly out to the wind.

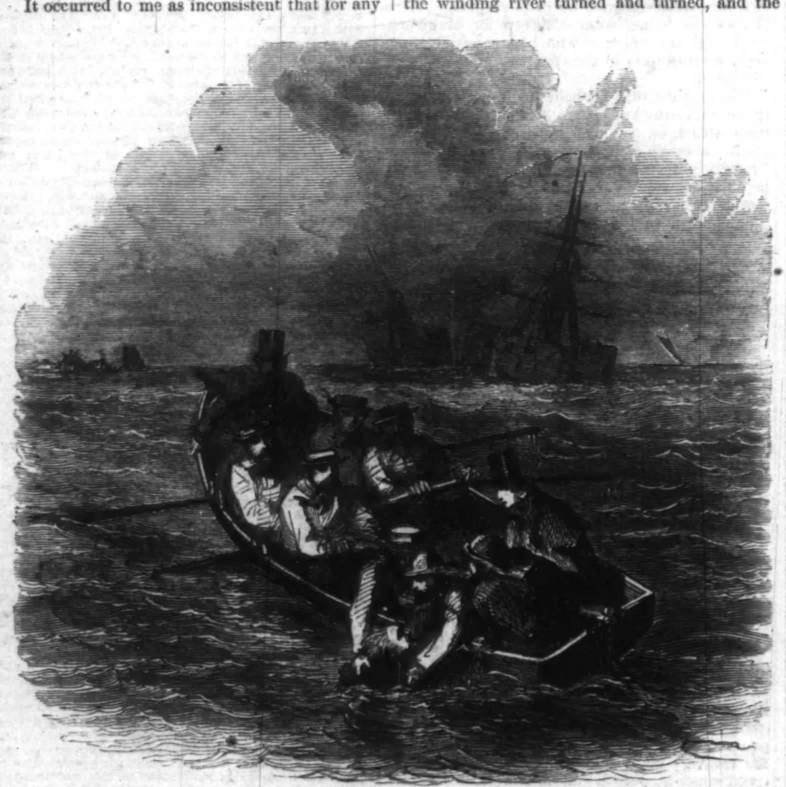
At the Stairs where we had taken him aboard, and ever since, I had looked warily for any token of our being suspected. I had seen none. We certainly had not been, and at that time as certainly we were not, either attended or followed by any boat. If we had been waited on by any boat, I should have run in to shore, and have obliged her to go on, or to make her purpose evident. But we held our own, without any appearance of molestation.

He had his boat-cloak on him, and looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene. It was remarkable (but perhaps the wretched life he had led accounted for it), that he was the least anxious of any of us. He was not indifferent, for he told me that he hoped to live to see his gentleman one of the best of gentlemen in a foreign country; he was not disposed to be passive or resigned, as I understood it; but he had no notion of meeting danger half way. When it came upon him he confronted it, but it must come before he troubled himself.

"If you knowed, dear boy," he said to me, "what it is to sit here alonger my dear boy and have my smoke, arter having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me. But you don't know what it is."

"I think I know the delights of freedom," I answered.

"Ah," said he, shaking his head gravely. "But you don't know it equal to me. You must have been under lock and key, dear boy, to know it equal to me—but I ain't a going to be low."



"HE WAS TAKEN ON BOARD, AND INSTANTLY MANACLED AT THE WRISTS AND ANKLES."

It occurred to me as inconsistent that for any mastering idea he should have endangered his freedom and even his life. But I reflected that perhaps freedom without danger was too much apart from all the habit of his existence to be to him what it would be to another man. I was not far out, since he said, after smoking a little:

"You see, dear boy, when I was over yonder, t'other side of the world, I was always a looking to this side; and it come flat to be there, for all I was a growing rich. Every body knowed Magwitch, and Magwitch could come, and Magwitch could go, and nobody's head would be troubled about him. They ain't so easy concerning me here, dear boy—wouldn't be, leastwise, if they knowed where I was."

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again within a few hours."

"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

"And think so?"

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale, and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me,

"Ay, I s'pose I think so, dear boy. We'd be puzzled to be more quiet and easy-going than we are at present. But—it's a flowing so soft and pleasant through the water, p'raps, as makes me think it—I was a thinking through my smoke just then, that we can no more see to the bottom of the next few hours than we can see to the bottom of this river what I catches hold of. Nor yet we can't no more hold their tide than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers and gone, you see!" holding up his dripping hand.

"But for your face, I should think you were a little despondent," said I.

"Not a bit on it, dear boy! It comes of flowing on so quiet, and of that there rippling at the boat's head making a sort of a Sunday tune. Maybe I'm a growing a trifle old besides."

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as composed and contented as if we were already out of England. Yet he was as submissive to a word of advice as if he had been in constant terror, for, when we ran ashore to get some bottles of beer into the boat, and he was stepping out, I hinted that I thought he would be safest where he was, and he said, "Do you, dear boy," and quietly sat down again.

The air felt cold upon the river, but it was a bright day, and the sunshine was very cheering. The tide ran strong, I took care to lose none of it, and our steady stroke carried us on thoroughly well. By imperceptible degrees, as the tide ran out, we lost more and more of the nearer woods and hills, and dropped lower and lower between the muddy banks, but the tide was yet with us when we were off Gravesend. As our charge was wrapped in his cloak, I purposely passed within a boat or two's length of the floating Custom-house, and so out to catch the stream, alongside of two emigrant ships, and under the bows of a large transport with soldiers on the forecastle looking down at us. And soon the tide began to slacken, and the craft lying at anchor to swing, and presently they had all swung round, and the ships that were taking advantage of the new tide to get up to the Pool, began to crowd upon us in a fleet, and we kept under the shore, as much out of the strength of the tide now as we could, standing carefully off from low shallows and mud-banks.

Our oarsmen were so fresh, by dint of having occasionally let her drive with the tide for a minute or two, that a quarter of an hour's rest proved full as much as they wanted. We got ashore among some slippery stones while we ate and drank what we had with us, and looked about. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon; while the winding river turned and turned, and the great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and every thing else seemed stranded and still. For now the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some ballast-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat shoal light-house on open piles, stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud.

We pushed off again, and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and Startop persevered; and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until the sun went down. By that time the river had lifted us a little, so that we could see above the bank. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black; and there was the solitary flat marsh; and far away there were the rising grounds, between which and us there seemed to be no life, save here and there in the fore-ground a melancholy gull.

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council: a short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for any thing like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles. It was very cold, and a collier coming by us, with her galley-fire smoking and flaring, looked quite a comfortable home. The night was as dark by this time as it would be until morning, and what light we had seemed to come more from the river than the sky, as the oars in their dipping struck at a few reflected stars.

At this dismal time we were evidently all possessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore; and whenever such a sound came, one or other of us was sure to start and look in that direction. Here and there the set of the current had worn down the bank into a little creek, and we were all suspicious of such places, and eyed them nervously. Sometimes, "What was that ripple?" one of us would say in a low voice. Or another, "Is that a boat yonder?" And afterward we would fall into a dead silence, and I would sit impatiently thinking with what an unusual amount of noise the oars worked in the thowels.

At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterward ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be in a window of a public house. It was a dirty place enough, and I dare say not unknown to smuggling adventures; but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there were eggs and bacon to eat, and various liquors to drink. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms—"such as they were," the landlord said. No other company was in the house than the landlord, his wife, and a grizzled male creature, the "Jack" of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low-water mark too.

With this assistant I went down to the boat again, and we all came ashore, and brought out the oars, and rudder, and boat-hook, and all else, and hauled her up for the night. We made a very good meal by the kitchen fire, and then apportioned the bedrooms; Herbert and Startop were to occupy one; I and our charge the other. We found the air as carefully excluded from both as if air were fatal to life; and there were more dirty clothes in bandboxes under the beds than I should have thought the family possessed. But we considered ourselves well off, notwithstanding, for a more solitary place we could not have found.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up too," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, eh?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it at least."

"Why?"

"*I* know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord—a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack—"he thinks they was what they wasn't."

"*I* knows what I thinks," observed the Jack.

"*You* thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"AM I!"

"In the infinite meaning of his reply, and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do any thing.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" asked the landlord, vacillating weakly.

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallered 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which, he went out disgusted; and the landlord, having no one to rely upon, found it impracticable to pursue the subject.

This dialogue made us all uneasy, and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was muttering round the house, the tide was flapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared galley hovering about in so unusual a way as to attract this notice, was an ugly circumstance that I could not get rid of. When I had induced Provis to go up to bed, I went outside with my two companions (Startop by this time knew the state of the case), and held another council. Whether we should remain at the house until near the steamer's time, which would be about one in the afternoon; or whether we should put off early in the morning, was the question we discussed. On the whole we deemed it the better course to lie where we were until within an hour or so of the steamer's time, and then to get out in her track, and drift easily with the tide. Having settled to do this, we returned into the house and went to bed.

I lay down with the greater part of my clothes

on, and slept for a few hours well. When I awoke, the wind had risen, and the sign of the house (the Ship) was creaking and banging about, with noises that startled me. Rising softly, for my charge lay fast asleep, I looked out of the window. It commanded the causeway where we had hauled up our boat, and, as my eyes adapted themselves to the light of the clouded moon, I saw two men looking into her. They passed by under the window, looking at nothing else, and did not go down to the landing-place, which I could discern to be empty, but struck across the marsh in the direction of the sea.

My first impulse was to call up Herbert, and show him the two men going away. But reflecting before I got into his room, which was at the back of the house and adjoined mine, that he and Startop had had a harder day than I, and were fatigued, I forbore. Going back to my window, I could still see the two men moving over the marsh. In that light, however, I soon lost them, and feeling very cold, lay down to think of the matter, and fell asleep again.

We were up early. As we walked to and fro, all four together, before breakfast, I deemed it right to recount what I had seen. Again, our charge was the least anxious of the party. It was very likely that the men belonged to the Custom-house, he said, quietly, and that they had no thought of us. I tried to persuade myself that it was so: as, indeed, it might easily be. However, I proposed that he and I should walk away together to a distant point we could see, and that the boat should take us aboard there, or as near there as might prove feasible, at about noon. This being considered a good precaution, soon after breakfast he and I set forth, without saying any thing at the tavern.

He smoked his pipe as we went along, and sometimes stopped to clap me on the shoulder or take me by the hand. One would have supposed that it was I who was in danger, not he, and that he was reassuring me. We spoke very little. As we approached the point, I begged him to remain in a sheltered place while I went on to reconnoitre; for it was toward it that the men had passed in the night. He complied, and I went on alone. There was no boat off the point, nor drawn up any where near it, nor were there any signs of the men having embarked there. But to be sure the tide was high, and there might have been some footprints under water.

When he looked out from his shelter in the distance, and saw that I waved my hat to him to come up, he rejoined me, and there we waited—sometimes lying on the bank wrapped in our coats, and sometimes moving about to warm ourselves—until we saw the boat coming round. We got aboard easily, and rowed out into the track of the steamer. By that time it wanted but ten minutes of one o'clock, and we began to look out for her smoke.

But it was half past one before we saw her smoke, and soon afterward we saw behind it the smoke of the other steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got the two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-by to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands cordially, and neither Herbert's eyes nor mine were quite dry when I saw a four-oared galley shoot out from under the bank but a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track.

A stretch of shore had been as yet between us and the steamer's smoke, by reason of the bend and wind of the river; but now she was visible, coming head on. I called to Herbert and Startop to keep before the tide, that she might see us lying by for her, and I adjured Provis to sit still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, "Trust to me, dear boy," and sat like a statue. Meantime the galley, which was very skillfully handled, had borne down upon us, crossed us, and come alongside. Leaving just enough room for the play of the oars, she kept alongside, drifting when we drifted, and pulling a stroke or two when we pulled. Of the two sitters, one held the rudder lines, and looked at us attentively—as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to shrink, and whisper some instruction to the stranger as he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

Startop could make out, after a few minutes, which steamer was first, and gave me the word "Hamburg," in a low voice as we sat face to face. She was nearing us very fast, and the beating of her paddles grew louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us when the galley hailed us. I answered.

"You have a returned Transport there," said the man who held the lines. "That's the man wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist."

At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley aboard of us. They had pulled one sudden stroke ahead, had got their oars in, had run athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. In the same moment, I saw the steersman of the galley lay his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and saw that both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that all hands on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking sitter in the galley. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed was the face of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face tilt backward with a white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

It was but for an instant that I seemed to struggle with a thousand mill-weirs and a thousand flashes of light; that instant past, I was taken on board the galley. Herbert was there, and Startop was there; but our boat was gone, and the two convicts were gone.

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing-off of her steam, and her driving on, and our driving on, I could not at first distinguish sky from water or shore from shore; but the crew of the galley righted her with great speed, and, pulling certain swift strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking silently and eagerly at the water astern. Presently a dark object was seen in it, bearing toward us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and all softly backed water, and kept the boat straight and true before it. As it came nearer, I saw it to be Magwitch, swimming. He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles.

The galley was kept steady, and the silent, eager look-out at the water was resumed. But the Rotterdam steamer now came up, and apparently not understanding what had happened, came on at speed. By the time she had been hailed and stopped both steamers were drifting away from us, and we were rising and falling in a troubled wake of water. The look-out was kept long after all was still again and the two steamers were gone; but every body knew that it was hopeless now.

At length we gave it up, and pulled under the shore toward the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with no little surprise. Here I was able to get some comforts for Magwitch—Provis no longer—who had received some very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

He told me that he believed himself to have gone under the keel of the steamer, and to have been struck on the head in rising. The injury to his chest (which rendered his breathing extremely painful) he thought he had received against the side of the galley. He added that he did not pretend to say what he might or might not have done to Compeyson, but that in the moment of his laying his hand on his cloak to identify him that villain had staggered up and staggered back, and they had both gone overboard together; when the sudden wrenching of him (Magwitch) out of our boat, and the endeavor of his captor to keep him in it, had capsized us. He told me in a whisper that they had gone down fiercely locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle under water, and that he had disengaged himself, struck out, and swum away.

I never had any reason to doubt the exact truth of what he thus told me. The officer who steered the galley gave the same account of their going overboard.

When I asked this officer's permission to change the prisoner's wet clothes by purchasing any spare garments I could get at the public house, he gave it readily, merely observing that he must take charge of every thing his prisoner had about him. So the pocket-book which had once been in my hands passed into the officer's. He farther gave me leave to accompany the prisoner to London; but declined to accord that grace to my two friends.

The Jack at the Ship was instructed where the drowned man had gone down, and undertook to search for the body in the places where it was likeliest to come ashore. His interest in its recovery seemed to me to be much heightened when he heard that it had stockings on. Probably, it took about a dozen drowned men to fit him out completely; and that may have been the reason why the different articles of his dress were in various stages of decay.

We remained at the public house until the tide turned, and then Magwitch was carried down to the galley and put on board. Herbert and Startop were to get to London by land, as soon as they could. We had a doleful parting, and when I took my place by Magwitch's side I felt that that was my place henceforth while he lived.

For now my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted, wounded, ironed creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously toward me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe.

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, in any easy position; but it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should die. That there were, still living, people enough who were able and willing to identify him, I could not doubt. That he would be mercifully treated, I could not hope. He who had been presented in the worst light at his trial, who had since broken prison and been tried again, who had returned from transportation under a life sentence, and who had occasioned the death of the man who was the cause of his arrest.

As we returned toward the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, I told him how grieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

"Dear boy," he answered, "I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy, and he'll be a gentleman without me."

I had thought about that, while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own I understand Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

"Lookee here, dear boy," said he. "It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I am swore to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more."

"I will never stir from your side," said I, "when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!"

I felt his hand shake as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat—softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: That he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

A SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH.

ON page 442 we publish a picture of a SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH, from a sketch by Mr. Davis, our special artist, who lately traveled through the South in company with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London *Times*. Mr. Russell thus describes slave auctions in a letter from Montgomery, Alabama:

The crowd was small. Three or four idle men in rough, homespun, makeshift uniforms leaned against the iron rails inclosing a small pond of foul, green-looking water, surrounded by brick-work, which decorates the space in front of the Exchange Hotel. The speaker stood on an empty deal packing-case. A man in a cart was listening with a lack luster eye to the address. Some three or four others, in a sort of vehicle which might either be a hearse or a piano-van, had also drawn up for the benefit of the address. Five or six other men, in long black coats and high hats, some whittling sticks and chewing tobacco, and discharging streams of discolored saliva, completed the group. "N-i-n-e h-hun-nerd and fifty dollars! Only nine h-hun-nerd and fifty dollars offered for him!" exclaimed the man, in the tone of injured dignity, remonstrance, and surprise, which can be insinuated by all true auctioneers into the dryest numerical statements. "Will *no one* make any advance on nine hundred and fifty dollars?" A man near me opened his mouth, spat, and said, "Twenty-five." "Only nine hundred and seventy-five dollars offered for him! Why, at's radaklous—only nine hundred and seventy-five dollars! Will no one," etc. Beside the orator auctioneer stood a stout young man of five-and-twenty years of age, with a bundle in his hand. He was a muscular fellow, broad-shouldered, narrow-flanked, but rather small in stature; he had on a broad, greasy, old wide-awake, a blue jacket, a coarse cotton shirt, loose and rather ragged trowsers, and broken shoes. The expression of his face was heavy and sad, but it was by no means disagreeable, in spite of his thick lips, broad nostrils, and high cheek bones. On his head was wool instead of hair. I am neither sentimentalist nor Black Republican, nor negro-worshiper, but I confess the sight caused a strange thrill through my heart. I tried in vain to make myself familiar with the fact that I could, for the sum of $975, become as absolutely the owner of that mass of blood, bones, sinew, flesh, and brains as of the horse which stood by my side. There was no sophistry which could persuade me the man was not a man—he was, indeed, by no means my brother, but assuredly he was a fellow-creature. I have seen slave markets in the East, but somehow or other the Orientalism of the scene cast a coloring over the nature of the sales there which deprived them of the disagreeable harshness and matter-of-fact character of the transaction before me. For Turk, or Smyrniote, or Egyptian to buy and sell slaves seemed rather suited to the eternal fitness of things than to otherwise. The turbaned, shawled, loose-trowsered, pipe-smoking merchants, speaking an unknown tongue, looked as if they were engaged in a legitimate business. One knew that their slaves would not be condemned to any very hard labor, and that they would be in some sort the inmates of the family and members of it. Here it grated on my ear to listen to the familiar tones of the English tongue as the medium by which the transfer was effected, and it was painful to see decent-looking men in European garb engaged in the work before me. Perchance these impressions may wear off, for I meet many English people who are the most strenuous advocates of the slave system, although it is true that their perceptions may be quickened to recognize its beauties by their participation in the profits. The negro was sold to one of the by-standers, and walked off with his bundle God knows where. "Niggers is cheap," was the only remark of the by-standers.

As I was returning to the hotel there was another small crowd at the fountain. Another auctioneer, a fat, flabby, perspiring, puffy man, was trying to sell a negro girl who stood on the deal box beside him. She was dressed pretty much like a London servant girl of the lower order, out of place, except that her shoes were mere shreds of leather patches, and her bonnet would have scarce passed muster in the New Cut. She, too, had a little bundle in her hand, and looked out at the buyers from a pair of large sad eyes. "Niggers were cheap;" still here was this young woman going for an upset price of $610, but no one would bid, and the auctioneer, after vain attempts to raise the price and excite competition, said, "Not sold to-day, Sally; you may get down."

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